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Imprint

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. XCII.

THE

MILLER'S MAID;

A MELO-DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON BLOOMFIELD'S POEM OF THAT NAME, AND THE SONGS PRINCIPALLY SELECTED FROM HIS WORKS.

BY JOHN FAUCIT SAVILLE,

Author of "Justice," a Musical Drama, in three Acts—"Cinderella," "Charles the Bold"—"Fair Rosamond"—"Œdipus"—"Plutarch Abridged," &c., &c.

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT ALL THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

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Cast of the Characters.—[The Miller's Maid.]

	Original Cast. English Opera. London.	*Covent Garden, London.*	*National Theatre, New York.*	*Burton's Theatre, N. Y, 1854.*	*Chicago, 1849.*	*People's Theatre, St. Louis.*
The Miller, -	Mr. Bartley,	Mr. Bartley,	Mr. N. B. Clarke,	Mr. Russell,	Mr. Archer,	Mr. A. Graves.
Giles, - -	Mr. Emery,	Mr. Rayner,	Mr. W. G. Jones,	Mr. Thompson,	Mr.N.B.Clarke,	Mr. C. Barn.
George, - -	Mr. T. P Cooke,	Mr. T.P. Cooke,	Mr. J. M. Cooke,	Mr. Morton,	Mr. Meeker,	Mr. Mortimer.
Matty Marvellous,	Mr. Harley,	Mr. Keeley,	Mr. G. L. Fox,	Mr. Johnston,	Mr. McVicker,	Mr. McVicker.
Old Granger,	Mr.Rowbotham,	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. C. W. Taylor,	Mr. Holman,	Mr. Rice,	Mr. H. Mehen.
Gamekeeper,	Mr. Salter,	Mr. Mears,	Mr. Stafford,	Mr. Levere,	Mr. Beaver,	Mr. White.
James, - -	Mr. Morley,	Mr. Morley,	Mr. Mack,	Mr. Gourley,	Mr. Shepard,	Mr. Russel.
Dame, - -	Mrs. Grove,	Mrs. Davenport,	Mrs. Bannister,	Mrs. Hughes,	Mrs. Clifford,	Mrs. Mehen.
Phebe,(Millers Maid)	Miss Kelly,	Miss Kelly,	Mrs. H.F.Nichols.	Miss Weston,	Mrs. Pope.	Mrs. Warwick.

Miller's Men and Villagers, Male and Female.

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Costume.—(The Miller's Maid.)

MILLER—Drab coat, red waistcoat, and drab breeches, striped stockings black shoes and buckles.

GILES—White countryman's jacket, leather breeches, colored stockings and shoes.

GEORGE—White trowsers, check shirt, and blue jacket.

MATTY MARVELLOUS—Short smock-frock, with charity boy's breeches, stockings, &c.—half miller half charity boy.

GRANGER—Old soldier's coat, white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat, long black gaiters, shoes and buckles.

GAMEKEEPER—Corderoy breeches, long leather gaiters, and fustian shooting jacket.

DAME—Brown stuff gown, flowered petticoat and apron.

PHEBE—Chintz gown and white petticoat.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance Left.* R. *First Entrance Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[*Half dark.*] *Opens with the gradual dispersing of the mists of morning twilight, the rising beams of the sun breaking occasionally through—on one side of the stage the body of a large Mill, mill stream and flood gates,* L. H., *the water in places gushing through them, the stream meanders off at the back of the stage, over which in the distance is thrown a rustic stone bridge—on the opposite side to the Mill, and nearly on a line with it, the Miller's house,* R. H.—*the perspective filled up with corn fields, rural and picturesque scenery, &c.—Music.—One of the shutters,* L. H. *of the Mill is opened and* GILES *looks out.*

Giles. So the rain be gone off at last, and it be almost daylight. Phebe be'nt stirring yet. No wonder I be always up first in the village, for I do scarcely sleep for thinking of her. Ah! life's a burthen without her, and I'll make up my mind to tell her so at once.

[*As he retires from the shutter, the curtains of a window in the Miller's house,* R. H. *are withdrawn, the casement opened, and* PHEBE *looks from it, surveys the Mill with apparent disappointment, then reclines her cheek upon her hand—the door of the Mill is now opened and* GILES *comes out from it, as he approaches the front of the stage, another shutter of the Mill opposite Phebe's window is opened, and* GEORGE *looks from it—Phebe and George recognise, and express by gestures their love for each other.*

Giles. Yes, my mind be made to it, and Phebe shall declare for George or me; and if for him why——But I can't think of him with temper. Once she were kind to me, and might have had me, when just in the nick, master brings home this sailor, George, and ever sin that day——[*Turning towards her window, sees it open.*] Ha! she be up, and now we are alone, I'll ease my mind at once. [*As he approaches to address her, observes George conversing with her, watches them a moment, struggling with his jealousy, which at length appears*

to overcome him.] Cross'd again! zounds, the sight of him do always set my blood a heating. I never see him but long to——He shan't have her. I'll die first, and so I shall I'm sure, for it be now too plain that Phebe loves him. [*Throws himself on a bench at the cottage door,* R. II. *George comes from the Mill, and approaches Phebe's window. Giles, whose jealousy has been working him to an instant decision, starts up as Phebe retires, and George comes forward.*] Yes, yes, if I'm to be without her, so shall he—his life or mine.

Geo. A good morning, Giles.

Giles. To thee it may be, not to me. Lookee, Geo ge! long before you came here I saw Phebe, and I loved her. I believe she didn't dislike me, and but for you she might have been mine. I feel I can't live without her, so if you refuse to quit your pretentions to her, why your life or mine.

[*Music.—Seizes him by the collar—they struggle—the* MILLER *entering,* R. II., *from the house, comes between them, and separates them.*

Mil. Hold thee, Giles! hold! I say. Thee bes't an honest lad and a good servant, but passion runs away with thee too oft. George thou art a good lad too, and must forgive him.

Geo. With all my heart, sir. I have long observed with sorrow his growing animosity to me; but as I suffer myself from the same powerful cause, know how to make excuses for another; for who can see Phebe and not love her?

Giles. [*Passionately.*] No man shall take her from me while I can defend my right.

Mil. [*Checking him.*] What right?

Giles. That of loving her first.

Geo. The greater good fortune yours, who had an opportunity of obtaining, before I had the happiness of seeing her. Had you made her your wife, you had closed the door to future advances, but while she remains free, a virtuous woman is the honorable prize that every honest heart has an equal right to contend for.

Giles. And thou shalt find I *will* contend it with thee—I'll not resign her tamely.

Mil. Giles, at the best, thee we'rt always passionate, now thee art in love I fear no good will come of reasoning with thee. Wilt thou listen to me?

Giles. Aye, aye, master.

Mil. Tell me, what dost intend by marrying Phebe?

Giles. Intend! why to be happy with her.

Geo. [*Interrupting him.*] Never, not while I——

Mil. [*Stopping him.*] Rot it, thou art as hot as he. Be quiet, wilt thee? [*To Giles.*] How could'st hope to be happy if she loved another?

Giles. Eh?

Mil. Suppose thee marry'd Phebe, and she loved George?

Giles. I'd shoot him.

Mil. Well!

Giles. Well! [*A pause.*]

Mil. Would that make thee happier? Would that make Phebe love thee, because thou hadst killed the man she *did* love. [*Another pause.*] Come, come, leave it to the wench herself, meantime shake hands, lads, and be friends.

Giles. No, I thank thee.

Geo. Indeed I had rather——

Mil. [*Aside to George.*] Harkee, thee lovest Phebe—if you thought she preferred Giles it would make thee miserable.

Geo. Miserable! it would make me mad.

Mil. What do'st think then he must feel who loves her also, and yet suspects her preference for you. Think ye he mus'nt feel it too?

Geo. [*After a moments pause.*] Giles, there's my hand. [*Giles refuses it.*

Mil. Take it Giles—how! harkee, this in thine ear, [*Aside to him.*] the girl has not declared for either yet, therefore *thy* chance may be as good as his. Be friends, and I will promise this—this day she shall decide for one, and him she do decline, must think no more about her.

Giles. One can't help thinking, master.

Mil. Then he may think on some one else that will be kinder to him. I've enough to do to keep these chaps from quarrelling. Come, no more ado, but get to your work, it *shall* be as I say, and look, the sun be up. To the mill, lads, and to work.

[*The sun by this time has risen and illuminated the whole landscape, which in the front and back ground is now all in motion. Giles and George return to the mill, and opening various shutters, the whole machinery of the mill is seen at work through all the numerous openings. George perceived employed in one story. Giles in another. The different locks are worked, the water rushes and falls, and various barges work their way up the stream.*

Mil. So, now the bustle of the day begins, the sun has spread the signal, and yonder go the village workmen, who celebrate its rising and its setting, opening and closing their employments with contented minds and grateful hearts to him who sanctioned earthly labor with his own.

[*Sits down at door of house to table, with book and accounts. The music runs into the symphony of* PHEBE'S *song who enters,* R. H.

SONG—PHEBE.

How bright with pearl the eastern sky,
How glorious far and wide,
You lines of golden clouds that lie,
So peaceful side by side.

Green hill that shad'st the valley here.
Thou bear'st upon thy brow,
The only wealth to Peebe dear;
And all she'll ever know.

[*At the end the miller closes his accounts and accosts her.*

Mil. Good morning, Phebe. [*Comes* R.] Whither art trudging, wench?

Phebe. Over to the barn, sir, to seek for new laid eggs. Your good dame complained last night, and eat no supper, therefore perhaps for breakfast——

Mil. You thought she might be tempted to partake, if she beheld them on the table. Good wench, just so thou hast tricked me oft to eat when my late sickness shut my heart to food. Thou art a good wench, and yet thee makest sad havoc Phebe.

Phebe. Havoc, sir! Indeed I'm careful, very careful. Havoc, sir! in what?

Mil. Why, in all our young men's hearts here, and I'm afraid, Phebe, [*taking her hand,*] thine own has not escaped scot free. Well, well, I've done, and yet 'tis fit I talk with thee—not now, but soon. There get thee gone—but harkee, keep thine eyes off the mill, or I shall get no work done there. [*As she passes the mill George salutes her.*] Rot thee! mind thy work do. [*Throwing his hat at George.*] Oh, this love—this love, it's a main foe to business. [*Hurrying music.* DAME *enters from the house and crosses the stage.*] Why, how now, Dame! thee look'st angry sure, and why this haste?

Dame. Angry, forsooth! look there, [*Pointing to one shutter in the mill still closed,*] neither his eyes or the shutters opened yet.

Mil. Whose?

Dame. Matty's. Aye, thou'st an idle graceless varlet in that lad.

Mil. Lazy, I fear. But who knows, 'tis scarcely three days since I took the boy from the village workhouse and the parish school, where having but newly learnt to read, (and the only one of his kin that ever did) he now in pride do give his mind to nought but books.

Dame. And what books? Why, children's histories and fairy tales, which all go down for truth. Aye, aye, books in their way be well enough, but if we read not the right sort, they oft do more harm than good I fear.

Mil. That's like enough to be the case here, Dame, for as he were never told what books were best, he reads none but such as pleases him; and so proud that he *can* read. They have half turned his brain, I fear already.

Dame. Poor simpleton! and he's not a grain to spare. But I have spoilt his studies for the time to come.

Mil. Why, what hast done? no mischief.

Dame. No, only thrown his hoard of books into the fire.

Mil. What did'st that for, Dame?

Dame. To teach him he must earn his bread by labor ere he eats it. Too many I fear, with too little learning and less of sense do waste their time in reading or in writing books which were far better spent in honest industry.

Mil. Well, but thou didn'st burn them all?

Dame All. Peter Wilkins, Seven Champions, Friar Bacon, Fair Rosamond, Robinson Crusoe, and half a hundred more.

Mil. Come, thee should have left him one or so.

Dame. I verily believe the varlet stole one from the flames. But where is he? never at his work. [*Calling.*] Giles! Giles! step thee, and ope young Matty's window there. [GILES *going by the outside railing of the mill, forces a shutter nearly at the top, when* MATTY *is seen seated upon some sacks,* L. H., *so deeply intent on his book, that he is roused by nothing passing around him. The remains of a candle burning on another sack as though he had been up all night.*] There! there! husband, dost see? Grant me patience, all might have been burnt in their beds. Let me come near, I'll rouse the varlet.

[*Music.—Exit into mill,* L. H.

Mil. Well, well, Dame; I shall leave thee to manage the scholar, I must look after the mill, else between love and learning the grist may grind itself I fear.

[*The dame arrives at Matty's side before he is apprised of her intent, and with one blow knocks him off the sack—he instantly scrambles up his book and escapes through the shutter, where he is enabled to keep his mistress at bay till she retires—he scrambles down the outside of the mill and comes to the front of the stage, where she follows him.*

Dame. Give it me—give me that book, I say. How came you by it, sirrah?

Mat. Saved it from fire and brimstone, mistress, your fury and the kitchen flames, where all my valued library was destroyed.

Dame. Library, indeed! But what is it you have saved?

Mat. [*Earnestly.*] By the greatest mercy, Philip Squall.

Dame. I'll make thee squall, varlet, and thou waste's thy time reading such nonsense.

Mat. Nonsense! Why, mistress, it's all true, it names the very place he lived in. An unknown island. Wonderful man! he kept——

Dame. He would'st have kept thee.

Mat. Would'st he indeed! Why he kept a monkey who made his beds, drank his wine and did all his work, so that he had nothing to do. Wonderful man! Look here, mistress, here's his picture. [*Shows frontispiece.*] I scrambled it out of the fire just as his legs were burnt off, but I saved his bare body and his bear-skin breeches. Look, mistress.

Dame. [*Stealing behind and seizing it.*] And look, master, for it's the last you'll see of it.

Mat. [*Earnestly and half in tears.*] Why, mistress, thou wouldn'st now—now thou wouldn'st burn that too?

Dame. Every leaf.

Mat. [*In horror.*] What a maker of martyrs! why, mistress, what can you possibly expect? 'Twas but yesterday you put Christendom in flames, and burnt its seven champions! ram'd the red-hot poker through Peter Wilkins! fried eggs with Friar Bacon! frizzled Fair Rosamond! and now, [*bursting into tears,*] inflammable cruelty! you'd boil the pot with Phillip Squall. Yes, every bit of him will go now! body and breeches! wonderful man! wicked woman!

Dame. Mark me sirrah! But no—I'll first try kindness with thee; be a good lad. Come, read and welcome, when thy work is done; and to encourage thee, I'll buy thee books that shall improve thy mind. Nay, if thou'll promise to be diligent I'll not burn this, and it shall be thine again after a good day's work. [*He stretches out his hand for it.*

[*Exit Dame into cottage,* R. H.

Mat. Ah! I should be sorry to make such a good day's work, mistress, as you did with my library. Poor ignorant woman! calls reading wasting time. How often have I heard schoolmaster say—"Read ancient history," and what's more ancient than the history of Philip Squall? It's so long since he died, that nobody can say whether he lived at all. It's always the case, masters and mistresses don't like their servants to know more than they do themselves. Ah! merit, merit. One book I read says that merit gets over all difficulties. How shall I get over mine? I have it! a great thought! a proof of merit! my books are gone, I can't read history, I'll invent! I'll write one! I forgot; I can't write, another difficulty. How will merit get over that?

Enter GEORGE *with a letter from mill,* L. H. 1*st* E.

Geo. Now to get this letter conveyed to Phebe. Ha! Matty, here! no one will suspect him. Matty, my good lad, can I trust you?

Mat. With any thing, with every thing, as Philip Squall did the monkey.

Geo. You have not been long at the mill, but you know our miller's maid—Phebe the fair.

Mat. As Fair Rosamond. Oh, what a creature!

Geo. Isn't she?

Mat. Oh, how I loved her once!

Geo. You loved, indeed! how dare Phe——Who did you say you loved?

Mat. Why, Fair Rosamond. Ah! many a night I've laid awake and cried about her, and should to this day, if I had not happened to read about Jane Shore.

Geo. And she rivalled Fair Rosamond in your good graces, eh?

Mat. Bless you, then I didn't know which I liked best. Which do you think was prettiest!

Geo. Indeed I cannot tell.

Mat. No! Do read ancient history. Why, Fair Rosamond. Ah, poor soul! my heart aches when I think of her, she was used almost as bad as mistress served her t'other day. Queen Elinor *pisoned*, Mistress burnt her; burn me if I don't christen mistress, Queen Elinor, for her cruelty. Poor Rosamond! wonderful woman!

Geo. Aye, and you are a wonderful lad.

Mat. Yes, I've made up my mind to that.

Geo. Now listen to me one moment, this letter which I have just written——

Mat. Ah, you *can* write. What a pity! [*Sighing.*

Geo. What?

Mat. That I can't. Oh, if I could! if I could.

Geo. Nay, if it will so materially serve you, and you will deliver this safe for me, I'm sure I'll write any thing for you, you wish.

Mat. Will you? now I see difficulties are nothing to merit—well then, I'll invent and you shall write.

Geo. What?

Mat. Histories.

Geo. Nonsense.

Mat. Non——Get another *currier.*

[*Indignantly returning the letter, and going up stage.*

Geo. [*Aside.*] I must humor him. Well, well, I'll write any thing you wish.

Mat. Aye, it be easy enough to write any thing, but then to invent. Ah! that requires a head. Now, shall it be a history or a fairy tale? I've head enough for both. Yes, yes, I think I have a head; grant me fortune, but a tale. A striking! horrid! agonising! heart-rending? Oh, grant me one request! an interesting tale. [*Exit,* R. H.

Geo. Simpleton! But he will be the least suspected, and I hope will find means to deliver my letter unknown to Giles, whose jealousy breaks out into ferocity. But now he left the mill and meditates, I fear, some plan inimical to Phebe's happiness And then the squire, there too I am alarmed. Ah! this love, it sees so many obstacles to happiness, and where the heart of a worthy girl is its object. Perhaps it's right it should be so, for the more difficulty we have in gaining, the more highly we are apt to estimate its virtues when in possession of it. [*Exit,* L. H.

SCENE II.—*Copse—rustic pathway, terminated by a gate—distant view of the mill—brook, &c.*

Enter GAMEKEEPER, R. H.

Game. No game comes amiss to my master, the squire. Women are as welcome as woodcocks, though, thank heaven! not so plentiful, for as I have the care of both, and find the girls most difficult to catch I don't care how seldom they start in view. Now, however, nothing will serve him but the miller's maid. I've laid a plan; she has two lovers at the mill. Giles, the most jealous, must be persuaded, to run away with her. On the road, my master intercepts and gets her from him. Good! Giles still has the blame, my master the girl. That's what I call plotting like a statesman. But here she comes, I'll talk to her a little myself, I shall then be able to judge whether she's worth the trouble she's giving us. [*Gamekeeper retires.*

Enter PHEBE, L. H.

SONG—PHEBE.

What was it roused my soul to love,
What made the simple brook so dear
It glided like the weary dove;
And never brook seem'd half so clear

There faint beneath the fervid sun,
I gazed in ruminating mood,
For who can see the current run,
And snatch no feast of mental food.

Cool passed the current at my feet,
Its shelving brink for rest was made,
But every charm is incomplete,
Whene'er it lacks another's shade.

Game. [*Coming forward,* R. H.] Very pretty! oh, the voice will do for us, and so will the person; but perhaps the girl's a fool after all. I'll try her sense. How d'ye do my dear? Come, come, stay where you are, I'm your friend.

Phebe. If you are, sir, you'll suffer me to pass.

Game. Shan't go till you have heard me.

Phebe. Sir, I have other employment now, than listening to folly.

Game. Aye, aye, but none so gratifying, girl as hearing your own praise.

Phebe. Yes, sir—that of having *deserved* it. Leave me.

[*Crosses him,* R.

Game. Upon my word the girl has sense, too much for my master, 'twould be thrown away upon him, I shall reserve her for myself.

[*Exit,* L. H.

Phebe is going on the other side and meets MATTY, R. H., *who is most consequentially wrapt up in his own cogitations.*

Mat. Once on a time there was a king—no—a prince—no, a giant; no—well, how very surprising that I should be so stupid this morning. Well for the life of it, my head can't hit upon a tale—oh, for an object! [*Striking his head.*] Critical moment! There was a king who set out——

Phebe. Hey day! Where are you going, Matty?

Mat. On a journey to the Black mountains. [*Not hearing her.*

Phebe. And pray what may you be going to do there?

Mat. [*Still absorbed.*] To combat with a giant with three heads.

Phebe. [*Aside.*] Poor lad, if you had *one* with any sense in it, it would be better for you. Well, Matty, and what will you do next?

Mat. Keep a princess.

Phebe. Indeed! and what will you do with her?

Mat. Treat her cruelly—in——

Phebe. [*Pointing to letter.*] Pray, what's that you have in your hand?

Mat. A brazen castle with forty gates.

Phebe. Why, Matty! He doesn't hear me. Matty, I say.

[*Jogging him.*

Mat. Heigho! How d'ye do? Critical moment. I'm composing. Great! Sublime!—don't bother.

Phebe. Nonsense. Who's that letter for, I say?

Mat Letter! Oh, now I remember. Why it's for you.

Phebe. And pray who does it come from?

Mat. Mum! a mystery.

Phebe. Then as I don't deal in them, I shall not take it. From Giles, I suppose; or, probably, from the stranger who was here just now, either may have suborned this simpleton. And pray, master Matty, have you no better work you could employ yourself upon?

Mat. Work! oh, such alone! I'm about it now. Wonderful work! But then I want a proper object for my *talons* to fix upon.

Phebe. That won't be your mistress's case, the moment she gets sight of you, I fancy.

Mat. Don't tease me about Queen Eleanor, but take the letter.

Phebe. Indeed I shall not.

Mat. No! Why it comes from——

Phebe. I don't want to hear, Nor will I take mysterious letters from any one, unless to deliver to your master, that he may know how you are employed.

Mat. He know how I am employed! nobody knows! I don't know myself. But come, my time's too precious to waste on you. I want a horrid object. Will you take this letter?

Phebe. No, I positively will not.

Mat. No? then all my study's thrown away. He was only to write for me in case she took the letter. Ah, genius! you may hide your head, for you've lost your tale. Yes, George will never write it now.

Phebe. George! Did—did—George write it? Did George send that letter, Matty? I think I will take it.

Mat. Yes, I know you will take it, and give it to your master you said. No, I shall destroy it, because George said it was of consequence

Phebe. How provoking! but there is but one way of obtaining it Well, Matty, since you will not give me it, I shall keep to myself the two histories and fairy tales I meant to have purchased for you at——

Mat. Purchase history! phoo! I can make 'em. I'm making one now, that George is to write for me.

Phebe. On condition you delivered this letter. Well, give it me, and when he writes one, I promise you to write another.

Mat. Will you? What two histories? Take the letter; but then I shall want two tales. Let's see, one shall be long! t'other short! one interesting! t'other striking! one horrid! t'other captivating! What a head I must have. I'll set about one directly.

[*Matty retires to compose*, L.

Phebe. [*After reading the letter.*] Ah, George, thy warnings are needless, and I hope thy fears; but I will store thy caution where I have already deposited esteem, and——ah! yonder comes Giles, I will avoid him, for as our inclinations do not meet, neither should we encounter; for when once a female deems it proper to decline the addresses of a lover, to throw herself voluntarily in his way is but exciting feelings 'tis a cruelty to protract. *Exit*, R. H.

Mat. [*Comes forward.*] Writing histories an't so easy as I thought. Ah, the day when its finished! there'll be a day! Oh, happy the man who first sees the end of his tale.

SONG—MATTY.

Written by W. Arnold, Esq. *Tune—Young Lobski.*

When little I went to old Whackemwell's school,
Who can'd me, and call'd me a dunce and a fool;
But when I grew *larger* I alter'd things quite,
And soon learn'd to read though I never could write.

I became quite a dab at my spelling d'ye see,
But for pothooks and hangers they so bothered me;
So says I as for pothooks I'll try one or two,
But as to the hangers I'm hang'd if I do.

Now my studies are ended, I'll try just for fun,
If I cannot turn author as others have done;
For I'm told that to write what a book now contains,
Requires no wonderful portion of brains.

Some people now only write books I am told,
Not that books may be *read*, but that books may be sold;
And as heads have so little to do with the sale,
I'm determined the world to surprise with my tale.

[*Exit*, R. H.

Re-enter GAMEKEEPER *and* GILES, L. H.

Game. There, you see she avoids you; George is the lad that carries her.

Giles. He shan't.

Game. You can only prevent it by the plan I advised.

Giles. What! run away with her?

Game. Aye, that's the way to gain her.

Giles. Her person—but I want her heart.

Game. Oh, that will soon follow, she will be glad to marry you to save her reputation. Come, no dallying, it must be done to-night, she may declare for George to-morrow, and the following day the old folks give him the mill; so by delay you are choused out of your wife and fortune.

Giles. Rot the fortune!

Game. But not the wench, eh! I see you love her, and she will soon return it; d'ye think she won't pardon a crime her own beauty caused? but however, do as you will, two days will see her your wife or his.

Giles Mine, mine!

Game. A little decision only makes her so.

Giles. [*Firmly.*] I'll do't.

Game. And here's my hand to assist you.

Giles. No, I thankee, it's a bad act. I've a reason for being a rogue, so I suppose has every body, and as I don't know yours, I'd better trust to myself.

Game. Oh, I've the same reason as yours, a petticoat, and want the same assistance to carry it off that I offer you; you know Susan Fellows?

Giles. You wouldn't carry her off?

Game. Why not?

Giles. Why, because she's a poor blind father who she do support by her work.

Game. Aye, but she's a pretty girl.

Giles. Come, come, thee musn't think on't.

Game. Think on't! it's all settled—my mind's made up.

Giles. What! to steal her from her father, and thee expect me to assist?

Game. Certainly.

Giles. I'd see thee hang'd, shot, drown'd first.

Game. Why, zounds! an't I to assist thee?

Giles. Don't then—don't. Thee shan't. It's a bad deed, and I'll do it myself. I know its bad, but I love Phebe, and when its done I'll marry her. Love her! die to make her happy. But thee—tell thee what; if thee attempt to rob the poor blind man of his only nurse—his prop—his child! hang me, if I wouldn't seize thee by the throat, and jump with thee into the mill-stream: nor loose my gripe till one or both were drowned. [*Crosses to* R.] So—there—I ha' told you my mind; so now do as thee lik'st. [*Exit*, R. H.

Game. What a brute! rustic prejudices! living wholly in the country. Well, one of my schemes must be given up, either my girl or my master's. I would very willingly give the squire the preference here, but I see that by serving him I avenge him. Giles must be soothed—I must appear to relent, for Phebe must be carried off and by him. I must assist in order not to lose sight of her, and when once in our power, Giles may, if he pleases, return and throw himself into the mill-stream; but were I to accompany him, I fear it would be throwing a damp on my spirits of enterprise for ever after. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE III—*The Miller's kitchen—a large table set out for the dinner of the workmen, who are seated around it*—GEORGE *and* GILES *on either side, both apparently abstracted in thought—a smaller table, at which are seated the* MILLER *and his* WIFE—PHEBE *pensively leaning on the* DAME'S *chair.*

Mil. There, thank heaven for a good meal! and now get thee to labor with merry grateful hearts, and so we'll meet again with hearty appetites.

[*All the work people bow, and retire*, D. F. *except Giles and George who with Phebe appears lost to every thing around them.*

Mil. Dame! [*Rises and draws Dame forward.*] I say Dame! [*Pointing aside to them.*] More dumplings saved.

Dame. Alack, alack! poor things! what can they live upon?

Mil. Love, Dame, love; and since it makes folks too lazy to earn their victuals, it be right it should take away all appetite to eat 'em.

Dame. That can't last for ever.

Mil. What, love! It an't accused of that often, it don't stop with the same folks long; but it does a deal o'mischief in a short time.

Dame. Mischief, indeed! look at wench. Poor thing, my heart do ache for her.

Mil. Ah! 'tis high time the girl were cured. I must be her doctor, I see——

Dame. Thee, cure a girl of love! what do'st thee talk about?

Mil. I tell thee, I'll cure her. I'll marry her.

Dame. Indeed thee won't.

Mil. Come, come, don't be jealous, dame. Phebe, bring thee here my great chair. [*Phebe absorbed, brings the chair nearest to her.*] My *great* chair, I said—my arm-chair. [*Phebe blushes and brings it.*] Now thee be quiet, dame. Phebe—I have sad complaints to make.

Phebe. Of me, sir! in what have I offended?

Geo. [*Starting up.*] Phebe, guilty, sir! Of what?

Mil. Oh! thee need'nt be so forward, boy, to take her part, thee art an accomplice with her, and Giles too, for what I know. One of thee has stolen——

Geo. } Stolen!
Giles. }

Dame. Stolen? why I havn't missed——

Mil. Nor I thy tongue. Dame, be quiet, or I'll send thee out of court. I say one of thee have stolen——

Geo. } What, sir?
Giles. }

Mil. All poor Phebe's spirits from ner. Her health—appetite—nay, heart is gone. Answer now—which is the thief?

Dame. [*Going to her.*] Look how the poor wench colors. Thee art too rough with the girl.

Mil. And can't I be rough with the girls without thy notice. Dame, thou wilt be meddling. Phebe, 'tis time this sickness should be cured. Come, come, speak out boldly, girl, don't be ashamed to name an honest man thy choice and make him happy.

Phebe. Spare me! I beseech you.

Dame. Consider the poor girl's delicacy.

Mil. I do, dame, she's too delicate by half; she'll die with it ere long.

Dame. It will not be thy case, I warrant.

Mil. Phebe, 'tis fit you should decide, and circumstances dos't strongly press thee now. Come, come—well, and thee'll not, I must e'en do it for thee. I'll find the way, I warrant me, to fix upon the man. [*Aside.*] Come hither, lads. Giles, thee was first at the mill, and as she must have known thee longest, why, I naturally conclude that thee must be her choice.

Giles. Me! what, I! I master!

Phebe. [*Interrupting him hastily.*] No—no—no—'tis—'tis—Oh, Madam! speak for me. [*Throwing herself into her mistress's arms.*

Dame. Gilbert! Gilbert! thee art mad.

Mil. Why, what be the matter now?

Dame. Matter! thee hast decided wrong.

Mil. Oh, then George be the man after all.

Giles. [*Aside.*] Not while I live!

Dame. Why, hasn't seen that some time? pshaw! thou a judge of love! heaven help the man. Come, come, Phebe, it be all over now.

Geo. But will not Phebe by a word, confirm my happiness?

Phebe. I am an orphan, George, beholden for all I now enjoy to this worthy pair. Beholden not only for the means of existence, but what is dearer to an honest mind—the precepts of religion and virtue.

Mil. There, now thee should'st be silent; thou can's't speak——

Phebe. And will be heard. In you I have beheld the example of benevolence! from you imbibed the stimulus to active industry! enjoyed all the blessings of a child; and now, as would become your daughter, in all that may concern my future welfare, submit myself to your counsel and advice.

Mil. And thee shall have it, as thou wert indeed my own. Giles, thou art an honest lad, as such we all respect thee; but, thou see'st the wench's mind and—and—and—so thee can'st have her.

Giles. [*Aside, musing.*] Hum! We don't know that yet.

Phebe. Giles, I ever shall esteem thee as my friend—nay brother. As such, will you not give me your hand?

Giles. [*After a pause.*] There, there!

Phebe. And George, will you not give it him?

Giles. No—I—no.

Mil. What, man! can'st refuse the wench? Why, should aught happen to break this match, thou bear'st her next good will, and things be far from settled yet.

Giles. Dost mean that she would marry me, should any thing cross the match with George?

Mil. I do. We scarce know aught about him, yet, and when we do perchance, may like him less.

Giles. Aye, but Phebe.

Mil. Come hither, girl. It rests with thee to make these rivals, friends! or keep them enemies.

Phebe. Does it, sir? Say how?

Mil. By promising it, thou refuse the one to take the other.

Phebe. You are my father—speak for me.

Mil. I will; and in thy name do promise it: so now, Giles, give thy hand, and join with us, lad, to bless our Phebe's husband, whoe'er he be. [*Aside to him.*] Come, who knows yet what the chances may be for you.

Giles. I do, what they *sha'l* be. [*Aside.*] With all my heart I do. I do bless Phebe's husband, whoe'er he be.

[*Having pronounced this emphatically and with double meaning, he passes with exultation to his seat.*

Mil. And now, George, before that matters do proceed, 'tis fit that thee and Phebe should know each other; there should be no disguisement in the married state, where folks do look for happiness.

Dame. Phebe, stand forth, my girl, and tell thy honest tale, such as thou told us that night,—that dreadful night! thou first sought shelter here. Ah, I see thou dost remember it.

[*Phebe with throbbing recollection, seizes, and presses the hands of the Miller and his wife.*

Phebe. Remember it! Oh, sir, the impression on the grateful heart being ever newly writ, and newly read, indents so deep a mould, that nought but death can wipe the tablet clear.

Mil. Come, come, I'll help thee. Listen, George. This girl, though by affection ours, and from that affection, having borne our name, is not by tie of kindred. Five years before *we* met, I first beheld her—'twas on one summer's eve—and near the hour of rest, a gathering storm approached our humble roof, threatening the country round; nor Dame nor I could think of rest, but anxious sat and listened.

Dame. [*With painful recollection.*] Alack! alack, the night!

Mil. I never shall forget it, dame: nor thee—rooted in thy elbow chair, with eyes fixed on the hearth; thy thoughts did wander to those without a roof. Ah! if ever thy husband read thy honest heart aright, 'twas then.

Dame. And if e'er thine beat in sympathy, 'twas then. I took thy hand, and looked upon thy face. Thee took thy pipe, thou know'st, and sought to hide it in the smoke. A sigh did blow it off; and then—aye, then! I saw the tear of sympathy drop! drop! from the steadfast uplift eye of prayer. [*Pause.*] The storm beat louder still! we heard, or thought we heard, the scream of some poor child! Then thee dashed thy pipe upon the ground, and listed the sound again! it came again, and nearer on our hearing! As it approached, thee dropp'd upon thy knee, and begged of heaven to guide the sufferer to our door.

Phebe. It did! it did! for that poor child was I! my feeble feet essayed thy threshold! my fainting voice asked mercy at thy door! which opened at the sound, for mercy dwelt within, and ever with a willing hand had lift the latch to misery.

Geo. But, Phebe, say what could have driven thee forth on such a night, alone, and so ——

Phebe. George, the first deep trace my memory wears, pictures a mother's death. [*George appears moved, as by a sudden recollection.*] My brother and myself, as orphans, felt her loss; and both had cause, for with her, went our only tie of earthly kindred. Our father, (as I have heard,) a soldier, had long since died abroad. Ah! we lingered hand in hand about her grave, until the mould we knelt on banked up her humble monument. With swollen eyes and hands still locked in each other's hold, we sought in vain our home. 'Twas sold! none would receive us—until with sobbing hearts we sought a shelter in the parish workhouse.

Geo. [*Aside.*] The workhouse too! 'tis strange.

Phebe. Soon as my strength allowed it, I was sent to service; when my mistress—but I will not dwell upon her cruelty—yet, still I strove to please, but all in vain; and on the morning of that fearful night, (having unknowingly offended) I received a punishment too severe

even for the broken spirit of a parish child to bear. Unknown to all I fled—fled here, unto the threshold of humanity, from whence the orphan's orisons shall never cease to rise for daily blessings on her benefactors.

Mil. They have been heard, my child; for ever since I became the orphan's friend, heaven has befriended me.

Geo. [*Aside.*] Yes, every circumstance accords. Oh! should it be!——But your brother, Phebe?

Phebe. Though elder by a year than me, unable to protect, he left me in the parish house, and went to sea.

Mil. [*As if from sudden thought.*] To sea! *thou* wert but just returned from sea, when I did meet thee, George.

Geo. Not long escaped its fury, as you overtook me retrrning from a fruitless search after an early home and only, much loved sister, sir, who went to service, and who ran away. The only tidings I could learn of my poor Phebe.

Mil. Phebe! Did he say Phebe? [*Aside, in breathless expectation.*

Phebe. [*Aside.*] Ha! no, no, no. Yet I feel sick at heart.

Dame. Thou had'st a sister named Phebe? [*To George.*

Mil. And you a brother, named George?

[*To Phebe, both addressing them hastily at the same time.*

Phebe. Yes, yes! but *his* mother did'nt die when he was young—they did not send *him* to the parish workhouse?

Geo. They did! they did! and o'er this arm did Phebe's little form hang lifeless o'er her mother's grave.

Phebe. Then there let it hang again. But, no—no—[*Stopping in breathless agitation.*] You—you—don't mean Phebe?—not Phebe? Speak!—not Phebe [*both together.*] Granger?

[*Both pause transfixed.*

Phebe. Oh, God! my brother!

Geo. 'Tis she! 'tis my sister!

[*As they attempt to reach other's each arms, Giles rushes down between them, exclaiming exultingly.*

Giles. Brother and sister! Then she is mine indeed. My wife! my wife!

[*Music.—Catches her in his arms as she is falling, before she can reach George.*

[*The First Act closes on the group, Phebe remaining senseless in the arms of the exulting Giles—George hanging over her in speechless agony. The Miller and his wife lost in admiration, with eyes and hands uplift to Providence, on either side, fill up the picture.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A *rural landscape, with a projecting pathway*—OLD GRANGER *sings without*, R. H., *and then enters, dressed as an old soldier—he sings as he looks about him, then comes down pathway to front of stage.*

Gran. Life's like a sea in constant motion,
Sometimes high, and sometimes low;
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow.

Ah, life's a sea of trouble! at least it is to me. I'm always singing, because I'm always sad. Well, 'tis better than swearing—a man must vent his humor some way or other.

There was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg;
Time, from his cradle,
Had forced him to beg.
And a begging we will go.

Aye, faith! and so must I. Heigho! sad work, sad work! to come home and find wife dead—children gone! and I——well, well, thinking won't make it better.

A soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a tailor.

Oh, if I sing a merry song, I know I'm getting sad; and after all, why should I be sad? I've only three reasons for it—I've lost my wife—lost my children—lost myself!—no, no, only part of myself; but then, I've lost the means to support the other part. Damn it, I'm getting sad again.

The soldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
May talk of his wounds and sufferings hard;
Yet show but his scars and his bald wooden leg,
He's sure of his country's love and regard.

[*Sits down on a bank*, L. H., *whistling and humming to himself.*

Enter MATTY, R. H., *much elated.*

Mat. I've got it! I've got it! I've got it! I've got a tale—a wonderful tale! Let me see! George and Phebe's mother died—went to workhouse: we'll leave out the workhouse—went to service—went to sea—stormy night—thunder and lightning. Striking tale! hired by miller—both at mill—fall in love. Sympathetic tale! Going to be married—and find out they are brother and sister. Wonderful tale! I'll print it; but first I must write it. Oh, if I hadn't left off writing before I came to my alphabet, I could have done it myself, and George now would hardly write his own tale. What must I do?

Gran. Hallo, my lad! where about am I?

Mat. Who's that? Pho'! don't tease me now. [*Musing.*]

Gran. Whereabouts am I?—what part of the country?

Mat. Why, this part. Why, bless me, an old soldier come from the wars. Hey, master! could'st tell me some fine tales about battles, I warrant.

Gran. Oh, that I could, indeed

Mat. Ah, but what's your tale to mine?—no compairson in the beauty of the thing. All true—of my own invention. Can you write?

Gran. [*Bluffly.*] Yes.

Mat. Then I'll make your fortune.

Gran. You? [*Contemptuously.*

Mat. Aye, you may sneer. Bless you, genius is used to deaf ears and turn up noses.

Gran. That's true. But how are you to make my fortune?

Mat. I'll invent stories, and you shall write them.

Gran. Pshaw! I'll father none of your lies.

Mat. Lies! bless you, my story's a true one.

Gran. Of your own inventing.

A soldier, a sailor,
A tinker, a tailor.

Mat. What a brute! but I'll try the effect of my story on him, if it interests him, it can't fail on any body else, and then I'll print it as my own. I say, don't go, I'm going to astonish you. I shall make the hair stand an end on your head. Once on a time——Listen! there was an old man—[*neither of them attend to each other,*]—no, no, no,—old woman, had a son and daughter.

Gran. 'A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlor, and kitchen, and hall.'

Mat. Aye, it was an old woman, for the old man was gone away and killed for a soldier.

Gran. 'No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down.'

Mat. The old woman died when they were very young.

Gran. 'But love, the disturber of high and of low.'

Mat. And poor Phebe and George went to the workhouse.

Gran. [*Stopping short in his song.*] Hey! Phebe and George!

[*Looks earnestly at Matty, who with the utmost simplicity, appears to be finishing the story out of his own head—he feels vexed that he has stopped to listen to him, and proceeds with his ditty.*

Gran. 'That shoots at she peasant as well as the beau.'

Mat. George went to sea, and Phebe to service; after some years miraculously meet, and Phebe's eyes——

Gran. 'Shot the poor cobbler right through the heart.'

Mat. Her eyes did for George, and they were to be married. I say, take care of your lame leg,—it struck me here.

Gran. 'I wish it had struck some more ignorant part.
Derry down.'

Mat. Well, coming to be married—Parson asks their names, and it turns out that George Granger——

Gran. What!

Mat. Was to be married to Phebe Granger.

Gran. [*In a hurried and wild manner.*] George Granger!—Phebe Granger!

Mat. Brother and sister. Wasn't it surprising? Bless me, why he's struck like a statty. Oh, I say, what you find it interesting to you?

Gran. I do, indeed—astonishing!

Mat. Well, I'm sure, it's a wonder you confess it, after interrupting me in the unpolite way you did, by singing during my composition.

Gran. [*Much agitated.*] Your composition—impossible! it cannot be.

Mat. There, there—nobody will give me credit for my tale, till they begin to feel the effects of it; but after this, I think it a'nt to be withstood with impunity.

Gran. After so long a search, thus to hear of them—and in such a manner, as almost still to disbelieve my senses. Oh, if not true, I shall indeed go mad.

Mat. Well, if my first story has such astonishing effects, I don't know what will become of people's senses if I write often: however, now I'm satisfied I have a genius. Wonderful man! I've a head—I've a tale—I'm an author! [*Exit*, L. H.

Gran. Yes, yes, my heart tells me it is true, and I shall see my children once again. Young man, lead me, I entreat you to them. A father begs. [*Turning around.*] How—gone! Surely what has passed is not a dream? No, no, no; and yet so strangely told! My poor old heart must surely wander? No it *is* true. Heaven defend my poor weak brain—I know not what to think. Oh, gracious Power above! direct me to the spot where I shall find my children, or my grave.

[*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE II.—*A room at the Miller's.*

Enter PHEBE, L. H

Phebe. What can George mean? Though fostered beneath one roof, yet not the children of the same parents. Oh, my brother, you have raised commotions here which it may be wrong to cherish, and yet not right to check. Giles as a husband, I felt I could not love—as a brother I can esteem him; but George, as a brother, as a hus——Let me proceed no further; if true fortitude consists in bearing every change of fortune with equanimity, and true happiness be the art of considering for the best every occurrence of life, I will instruct my heart this lesson, that it may regain its peace.

Enter GILES *and* DAME, L. H.

Dame. But why so hasty, Giles?

Giles. I have my reasons for it.

Dame. What reasons?

Giles. What? why t'will set my mind at rest, that's one reason; and with me a strong one. Besides——

Dame. Well, there she be. Go and speak to her.

Giles. No—do thee, Dame; 'twill be better.

Dame. What shall I say?

Giles. Why, I want to know whether she means to keep her word: and as she can't have George, to marry me.

Dame. You are too hasty. Well, well, I'll see. Phebe, child, here be Giles come to—to make you—no, he expects you—that is, he hopes——Speak, Giles; what is it you hope for?

Giles. Why to be happy. to be sure.

Phebe. I hope you will, Giles.

Giles. Thankee; and so will you, I hope; and if you are, I know I shall be.

Dame. So you will both, if you do but love each other.

Giles. I'm sure I do Phebe, if she loves me.

Phebe. As a brother, Giles, I hope I always shall.

Giles. No, no—you have one already. Love George as a brother, me as your husband.

Phebe. Husband?—You? Giles, I will not dissemble with you; I feel I never can——

Giles. How? dost mean to break thy word? Both the miller and his dame here, were witness to thy promise.

Phebe. Promise! Did I? did I? [*Flying to her mistress.*] No, no, no, you did not hear such promise: nor Giles will not, I am sure, insist upon it.

Giles. Pardon me, Phebe; but your fulfiling it be the only thing in life to me worth living for. Indeed, I do expect it.

Phebe. What? if I—if I could not love you, Giles?

Giles. Oh, but thou wilt in time; so say at once—when wilt marry me.

Enter GEORGE, L. H., *hastily.*

Geo. Never!

Giles. 'Tis false! she will—she shall—in spite of thee.

Geo. Phebe, do you assent to this?

Phebe. Oh, George,—my brother! [*Throwing herself into his arms.*

Geo. Nay, nay, Phebe, he shall not thus distress you. Giles, you have had your answer—she cannot love, and will not marry you.

Giles. Dost thou hope to hinder her? Not though thou be'st her brother, shalt thee make her break her promise—she's mine, my wife!

Geo. How?

Giles. As good—that is, if her word be worth the having:—as it always were, till you seduced her to break it.

Geo. [*Enraged and threatening.*] Seduced!

Giles. Aye, I care not for thy looks: and if the girl didn't hang upon thy arm, I warrant thee should feel a heavier weight.

Geo. Go with thy mistress, Phebe. Good madam, take her hence.

Phebe. [*Recovering herself.*] No, no, no. George—Giles, wherefore

will ye quarrel thus? let me intreat. Nay, then—do either of you love me? [*Firmly.*

Giles. You know.

Geo. Phebe. [*Both together*

Phebe. Then heed me well. You may be both my friends—my brothers—but the man who first strikes the blow of enmity, shall never be my husband.

Enter MILLER, R. H., *and crosses to* PHEBE.

Mil. Well said, my girl. If the women do sometimes set the men a quarrelling, they know how to make peace, I see.

Dame. Thy husband, child! 'Tis Giles only can be that.

Mil. As far as we know yet; but George has been telling me, he has strong reasons to believe he is not her brother.

Giles. Because he has stronger wishes to be her husband. Shame upon him.

Mil. Giles, hear them before thee judgest: but as I would not listen to them but in presence of you all, I now call upon him to produce his proofs. [*Crosses to George.*

Geo. I must confess I have no living proofs that I am not what I have been always called—her brother.

Phebe. No proofs? How George—no proofs? Then wherefore suspect you were not?

Giles. Oh, I suspect the reason, clear enough.

Mil. I hope not. Proceed, George.

Phebe. Do, I beseech you.

Geo. My suspicions rest upon a dying mother's words.

Phebe. My mother's dying words? Oh, speak them, George. I was too young to note them in my memory, tho' not to mark the wretched change her death brought on us both. Speak—what were they?

Geo. 'Do not separate the children at my death,' she cried,—'they are not both mine, but——'

Phebe. [*In great agitation.*] But what? but what?

Geo. That word, Phebe, was my mother's last. No light, has since my lapse of time, been thrown upon her meaning; but yet, from this I have a hope that thou art not my sister.

Mil. And nought but these words to rest on, to deny thy kindred? and even thee so young, thee might mistake their import.

Dame. In truth, George, thy suspicions are but slender founded.

Giles. Aye, but his hopes be strong. I tell thee, he would marry her.

Mil. I don't believe it.

Giles. He don't deny it.

Mil. What *you'd* imply, he does—that he has started these objections for a base purpose. No, no, it be too shameful e'en to think upon. Giles, thy jealousy has blinded thee; but remember, I am free from passion, and can see clearer. Nay, I hope I shall never be so far biass'd by it, as to impute the worst motives to a fellow creature's conduct, till I have full proof they are the *true* ones.

Dame. Right, Gilbert—right! and I have a hope, that Providence will still point out a way to lead us to the truth.

Phebe. It will, it will. Yes, yes, it shall be so my good friends,—as brother and sister—(for till we have stronger proofs against the tie we will be known as such.) With your permission we will seek our native village, where surely some one will remember us. Some one still exists who can recall ourselves and parents to their recollection, and declare our birth. Oh, yes, I feel assured there does; I feel convinced that Providence—which in our infant orphan state befriended us, and when asunder, protected and restored us to each other—will not now forsake, if but by honest and by patient means we seek the road to happiness.

Geo. It shall be so—if we have, sir, your leave; nor will I rest until our errand be accomplished.

Mil. Children, we shall grieve to part with ye—but, in truth, I see no other way; and Dame and I will never have it said we set our own desires 'twixt thee and happiness.

Giles. What, wilt suffer them to go together?

Mil. Certainly, 'tis necessary to——But what ails thee?

Giles. Nothing particular; only I were going to say that——don't you see that this be only a——but I won't say what, you'll only call it jealousy again.

Mil. [*Aside.*] Likely! What do'st mean? speak out.

Giles. I mean, if he once gets away, they wont come back again.

Mil. Then sin and shame go with them. But no, they dare not—the shame is thine for thinking so.

Geo. We must set forth this instant—I cannot rest nor live in this anxiety.

Mil. True, the sooner ended will be the best for all—therefore to-night ye shall set forth.

Giles. [*Aside.*] To-night? Ha! upon the road I'll do't—I'll do't.

[*Rushing out*, D. F.

Dame. Come, Phebe, thee and I must have some chat before thee goest, and thou wilt list, I know, unto a friend's advice.

Phebe. As unto a parent's; and be the result of our journey what it may, before you all I pledge myself, if I return not sister, I will not wife. You, sir, have a father's right in the disposal of my hand, it shall never be given but in unison with your wishes.

[*Exit Phebe and Dame*, R. H.

Mil. Bless thee! bless thee! Oh, George—this parting with thee and that wench, I feel, deprives me of half my existence. Again I become childless—pshaw! and a child too myself I find. [*Wiping his eyes.*] But it must be so—thy happiness demands that we should separate for a time. I will furnish thy journey for thee; and in busying myself in preparations for thy welfare, I shall best provide my own. Be that thy precept, lad, through life; and learn that Providence, who do lead by various ways to happiness, do make the power of bestowing it on our fellow creatures, the supremest point of its enjoyment to ourselves. *Exit with George*, D. F.

SCENE III.—*A rural landscape.*

Enter MATTY, L. H.

Mat. Bless me! I can't get any body to write this history for me. What a pity it should be lost!—wonderful the effect it had upon that old soldier. Hey, what's that? Why, lauk, if there an't something red rolling about under that hedge. Well, I declare, if it an't him! If he can be kept from fainting away at all the interesting parts, he shall write the whole tale for me. Poor soul! how he lies moaning and groaning. There! now he's singing. Well, my tale must certainly be a gift.

Enter OLD GRANGER, R. H.

Gran. This lad's strange story runs so wildly in my head, that I almost doubt wether my imagination, which is always brooding over my children's fate, has not deceived me in every dream. I'll to the hamlet, and study every female face for a semblance to Phebe's mother. Ha! the youth again! then 'twas no dream, 'twas real! unless, indeed, I am again deceived by unsubstantial vision. Of that I'll soon be satisfied.

[*Comes behind Matty, and grasps him firmly by the arm—he turns around alarmed.*

Mat. What? Bless me! what's that for? Dear me, if it isn't the madman. Lord! how he looks.

Gran. [*Still grasping him.*] No, no, 'twas not a dream.

Mat. Dream! bless you, you are wide awake, for you stare most horribly.

Gran. I grasp a substantial form!

Mat. Yes, you do, and a most substantial grasp you keep.—He frightens me out of my wits!

Gran. Harkee! not half an hour since, on this spot, you met me here to-day before.

Mat. Oh, you remember that interview? Poor soul!

Gran. Remember it! is has almost driven me mad.

Mat. You'd say *quite* if you were in your senses.

Gran. You told me then——

Mat. What, you want to hear my tale again?

Gran. No, but tell me—was it true?

Mat. Every word—and all of my own invention.

Gran. Was it then mere invention?

Mat. Mere invention! could you invent such a one? [*Contemptuously.*] Mere invention indeed! I'm an author.

Gran. Answer me this moment. Was it truth or fiction?

Mat. [*Aside.*] Mustn't say it's true, or I shall lose the credit of it. Bless you! all my own putting together. But it *might* have been the truth, you know?

Gran. It might—I feel it might.

Mat. And very natural—wasn't it?

Gran. Very, very.

Mat. Oh, that's just like me,—I'm very natural myself. I'm a wonderful man!

Gran. So much so, that I must doubt your skill to put this tale together without some portion of it drawn from truth.

Mat. Doubt me, do you? Bless you, you don't know my invention. I've just finished it in my own mind; and seeing you have helped me to a good thought——Will you hear the finish?

Gran. Willingly.

Mat. Stand further off then, and compose yourself——don't be agitated.

Gran. 'Sdeath and fury! trifle no longer with my feelings, or I'll level you and your invention flat with the ground you sprung from.

Mat. Bless me! he foams at the mouth already. Well, well, I'll go on—but first, where did I leave off?—oh, at the marriage,—where Phebe and George turn out to be brother and sister.

Gran. [*Almost breathless.*] *Are* they married?

Mat. [*Very calmly.*] Why, I'm considering whether I shall marry them or not, till——

Gran. Damnation! Are they married or not?

Mat. Now really you'll spoil the whole story, if you don't restrain your feelings a little. I pity you, for I know you must be agitated—but contain yourself——

Gran. I can't, a moment longer, unless you instantly proceed.

Mat. Well, then, we'll say they are married; it will make the thing appear more horrid, you know.

Gran. By all that's sacred, if I don't——

Mat. Bless me, he's raving! Well, well, I'll make a finish, but I must prepare you for a striking scene.

Gran. [*Grasping his cane.*] Prepare yourself for one.

Mat. After they are married and living happy, the old father shall just then come home from the wars——

Gran Shall he? [*Aside.*] Humph! many a true word spoken in jest.

Mat. Well, now mark—now you'll be affected—now you'll be deeply agitated. He comes home, and discovers to them they are brother and sister! The old man goes mad—the husband hangs himself—the wife strangles her child, and throws herself in the river. There! there now—there's a scene! there's distress! [*Aside.*] This, I think, must kill the old man outright, hey? [*Turns around to mark the effect of his tale, and finds that Granger has burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.*

Gran. The old man goes mad. Ha! ha! ha!

Mat. Poor soul! Well, if my tale has this effect on the tough heart of a soldier, I don't know what will become of the ladies. I tremble to think of them.

Gran. And the wife drowns herself. Ha! ha! ha!

Mat. I'm shocked! Well, if this is the consequence of writing affecting histories, I'd better give over, before half the world go out of their senses. Really, my tale's enormous! it frightens folks to fits. I'll alter it, shorten it—get another. Yes, I'll go and——

Gran. [*Seizing him by the collar.*] Not without me this time.—Come, sir, lead to George and Phebe. No more deceptions!

[*Threatening with his foot.*

Mat. [*Shrinking.*] Oh, my tale!

Gran. Curse your tale. If you don't this instant bring me to them I'll—I will. Along, then! along, I say, or—[*Exit, driving him off*, R. H.

SCENE IV.—*The same as Scene I., Act I.—Evening—Twilight and Setting Sun, which, giving a different tint to every feature of the landscape, varies materially its former appearance.*

Music.—Enter GAMEKEEPER *and* GILES, 2 E. L. H.

Game. Haste! haste! I tell you, or she will escape us. [*Looks through the window of Miller's house.*] No, she is now equipping for her journey, and comes this way alone. Heyday, in a brown study.

Giles. [*Not heeding him.*] 'Twill break her heart, poor thing.

Game. [*sneeringly*] Break her heart. Well, then, break your own, and tamely give her up to George; because you haven't spirit enough to take her from him. Pho! pho! conceal yourself until she has passed the bridge. She comes! away, away!

[*Hurries off Giles*, L. H. U. E., *and* PHEBE, *equipped for her journey, comes from the Miller's house*, R. H.

Phebe. I have hastened before George, who still lingers behind with our benefactors, to enjoy one more glance at the most favored scenes of childhood before I quit them. Farewell, my earliest friends! Farewell, ye dumb but breathing scenes, whose wafted greetings I have felt in many an evening's breeze.

SONG—PHEBE.

Farewell! loved happy scenes, farewell!
Should I no more your freedom share;
Yet long my grateful heart shall tell,
What first brought me a stranger here.

Genius of the forest shades,
Lend thy power and lend thine ear;
Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and silence here.

[*She exits to symphony of song, across the bridge*, R. *and off* L. *bidding farewell to the house and those within—as she passes it, Gamekeeper comes forward, and observes her*, 2*d* E. L. H.

Game. Aye, take your leave, damsel, for you'll never see them again nor either of your booby lovers. Now she is far enough, I must hasten and secure her e'er Giles prevents me. I must lure him to the spot though, that he may bear the blame of her departure.

[*Music.—Beckons Giles, and exit after Phebe over bridge.*

Enter GILES, *2d* E. L. H. *calling after Gamekeeper.*

Giles. Mind! mind thee don't use her ill, I say! She shall not slip us, though. No, no, George, Phebe's not for thee—I'll take care of that. Dang me first, if I wouldn't——no, no, I mustn't use her ill [*Follows their track over bridge.*

Enter MILLER, DAME, *and* GEORGE, R. H. *house.*

Mil. George, lad, thy hand. There! [*Shakes hand.*] I won't say good bye—but—God bless thee, lad!

Geo. Farewell! to both.

Dame. No, no—not so: I shall only say——

Mat. [*Without.*] Oh, my tale!

Gran. [*Without,* L. H. 1*st* E.] Where are they, booby? Where is my George and Phebe?

Enter GRANGER, L. H. 1*st* E. *dragging in* MATTY.

Geo. What do I hear? George and Phebe who?

Gran. Granger—my children. Where are they?

Mil. Here is George Granger.

Gran. [*Throwing away his crutch, which strikes Matty.*] My boy! my boy! and after so many years, do I then——huzza! I'm not dead you see, though you long thought me so.

Mat. What a pity! Oh, he should have died—it spoils the story. Ah, I see how it is---his living so long will shorten my tale.

Gran. But what the deuce ails you? you don't seem glad to—— But where's my *other* child! Zounds! I want to cry for joy; but I won't till I've found you both. [*Hums a tune.*

Dame. [*To Miller.*] Did he say he was father to them both?

Mil. Ask him—I don't like.

Geo. [*Aside.*] Now comes the truth—but yet I dread to inquire.

Gran. But how is this? how glum you all look! Mahap you don't believe me? however I'll soon prove—or has any thing happened? Where's my child I say?

Geo. Here, father, to ask your blessing.

Gran. There! there! but I don't mean you—[*Grasping his hand.*] yet you are—but, zounds and the devil! where's my *real* child, Phebe?

Geo. [*Elated.*] What, then, am I not your son?

Gran. To be sure you are [*George hangs his head.*]—by adoption. [*George again appears elated.*] Hey! why what faces! Oh, aye, aye, I recollect. Set thy heart at rest, my lad,—thou art my sister's son, not mine.

Geo. Not. Let me hasten to inform Phebe. Perhaps she may not yet have left the mill. [*Runs in calling.*] Phebe! Phebe!

Mil. This ends all anxiety.

Mat. Yes and my tale.

Gran. But, zounds! I say where is she? where's my girl? [*Phebe heard to scream without,* L. H.

Mat. Talk of the devil—that's Phebe!

Mil. Hark! what scream was that? sure not——

Mat. I'll run and see. A scream! how lucky! I hadn't one in the whole story. A loud scream! charming! Well, mine will certainly turn out an interesting tale, after all [*Runs off over bridge*, L. H

Geo. Sure it was Phebe's voice.

[*One of the Miller's men appear at the aperture of the Mill*, L. H.

Man. Master! yonder I see Giles struggling with another man and—

Mil. But Phebe?

Man. She is with them too.

Mil. Are they in anger?

Man. At downright blows, master. Now, Giles snaps off the branch of a tree, and with it fells the other to the ground---now he seizes Phebe, who is fainting in his arms, and bears her off this way!

[*Music.*—GILES *appears upon Bridge*, L. H., *with* PHEBE *in his arms,—his clothes in disorder and torn, and brandishing the branch of a tree—presents a ferocious appearance—George rushes from the cottage---he keeps him at bay with his staff, till he reaches the front of the stage, occupying one side in an attitude of defiance---the characters form a picture as the music ceases.*

Geo. Yield her to me, ruffian. She is my wife.

Gran. To me—to me—she is my child!

Giles. Stand off! she's mine. I saved—fought for—will die for her.

Mil. Giles! Nay, I fear not thy ferocious looks. See you aged maimed soldier! deprived of home---of offspring---for many a year; and now he's panting to embrace——Say can you longer keep a father from his child? [*Phebe here appears recovering.*

Gran. Phebe! my child!
Phebe. Ha! } *In a breath.*
Giles. Her father?

Phebe. No, no, no,---did he---did he say, father?

Giles. And George's too?

Gran. No, no, she is my child---my only child!

Phebe. [*Rushing to him.*] Ah, my dear, dear——[*Restrained by Giles.*] Why, didn'st hear? it is---it is my father! you will not keep me from him?

Geo. He shall not. Villain!

Phebe. He is none. He saved, fought for, and delivered me from a villian. Touch him not; nor you [*To Giles, whose arm and staff are raised against George* [Giles! Giles! [*In a playful manner attempts to divert his anger. She by degrees, as she is conversing with him, draws the weapon from his hold.*] Nay, nay, you look'd thus angry when you fought for me; but now we are amongst friends look kinder. Giles,—come, 'tis Phebe asks this. You'll give it me—there! [*Throwing it on the ground, and appealing to George.*] Now touch him, if you can; he has been my shield, and I will now be his. I know his heart is good—and that I'll trust. Come, Giles, as you were my deliverer, you only shall deliver me to my father's arms. Nay, I'll suffer no one else but thee. Come wilt thee not?

Giles. And to thy husband?

Phebe. And why not?—thy heart is capable even of that. Ro thee! we all must struggle to be virtuous; but every honest heart v conquer at the last—and so will yours. Come, come! [*He hesita for a moment, then presses her in his arms; at length turns to Geo who views him with angry looks.*

Giles. Thee need'st not envy me, 'tis my first; and must—aye, a shall be my last. [*Kisses her.*] 'Tis dearly earned—thee need'st envy me. There! there! better I should lose her than a father. Ta thy child old man,—there—take her, take her.

[*Puts her in his arms and crosses.*

Phebe. My dear, dear father! [*Embracing.*

Geo. [*To Giles whom he has followed.*] Giles, will you not give your hand?

Giles. No, not now—not now.

Phebe. [*Running to him and taking his hand.*] Yes, now. Wha yield when half the victory is won? be firm, and you will conqu Giles; and all who conquer in a cause like this, cannot fail of ha piness.

Giles. [*Firmly.*] At least I wish it thee; for though I've a tou heart, it may break yet. I hope it may. [*Sighs.*

Phebe. No, no, no.

Giles. [*Proudly.*] And if it do, I can die without envying thee him; if not---why---I can---I will, live without bitterness to——Bl you, then---bless you both.

[*Joins their hands, and rushes out,* L. H. 1*st* E.

Gran. Amen! a father's amen rest upon it.

Phebe. George not your son?

Mil. No.---But that thou shalt hear anon: meantime, I adopt h mine. Take him, girl! and with him, accept the mill. In giving it become only an instrument in rewarding

THE VIRTUOUS DAUGHTER, IN THE MILLER'S MAID.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

R. H.				L. H.
MILLER.	GRANGER.	PHEBE.	GEORGE.	DAME.

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